IN CHURCH.

"What worship ye?" the preacher said;
The rest I did not hear,
But round the room I looked instead,
At this and that so reverent head,
All saint-like and austere.
"What do you worship now?" I thought,
And fancy straight the question caught,
And strange sights did appear.

All veils were dropped, and clear to view
All hearts were open thrown;
A shame it were to whisper you
What then I saw; if all were true
'T were better all unknown;
Such he rts none ever saw before,
But all at once I looked no more—
A la, I saw my own!

—*Bradford Terry in the Sunday School Times.*

A MYTHICAL MONSTER.

About four years ago I became the husband of a very charming girl in one of our eastern seaboard cities. In my marriage with Mabel Lane all the conventionalities were fulfilled. She was a few years my junior—modest, domestic—and this, I sincerely believe her first attachment. Even our complexions presented the proper extremes, she being a perfect blonde and I dark brunette. I loved her sincerely. I was in comfortable circumstances, and on our wedding-day I saw no reason why our married life should not be bathed in perennial sunshine.

Such would probably have been the case had it not been for an unfortunate defect in my disposition. I may as well state here that before our marriage I had devoted myself pretty largely to that agricultural pursuit known as sowing wild oats. I cannot say that I was vicious, but I loved the company of good fellows. Late hours had a peculiar fascination for me, and the pop of a champange cork fired me as the report of a cannon is said to thrill a war-horse. These things, which were never counted more than 'wildness' in a single man, I suddenly found became heinous vices and utter depravity in a married one. Like many another I had difficulty in adjusting myself to the changed condition of affairs, and there the trouble began.

So it was that after spending all my evenings faithfully at home for a month I began to drift back into the old routine and pleaded an increase of business to Mable as an excuse for later hours. I did this gradually. Now and then qualms of conscience would conquer force of habit, and I would be entirely domestic and devoted for several days at a time. Then I would backslide and come home at 1. It was not that my affection for my wife diminished. On the contrary, it increased. I was never so happy as when in her company, but I think it must have been a strain of old Bohemia in my veins that drew me with a subtle force back to the boys.

All this, though, was as nothing compared to the actual downfall that began one night in earnest. I recall it shudderingly, hesitatingly. As I entered our gate an unusual light warned me that Mabel waited for me, and I shut my lips tight with annoyance and contrition as I look at my watch and saw it was after 12. I found her in tears. "O, Frank!" she sobbed, "I am very unhappy!"

"Not unhappy with me, are you, Mable?" I asked.

"No, no" she said, "but unhappy because I am without you so much. I am sure it can not be business that keeps you out at these awful hours. O, Frank, tell me, what was it kept you so late?"

"Well, Mabel," I answered, feeling it useless to resort to the old story, "the fact is I met a friend of mine who is something of a bore, and he held me in conversation for a couple of hours."

"Who was he?"

"Bancroft," I said desperately, using the first name that came into my mind, "a fellow named George Bancroft."

"What does he do!"

I felt that I was in for it and told her he was the accountant at Reed's tea-store. There were a few more tears, but her suspicions were lulled and peace was declared. I went to sleep, I blush to say it, with a sort of guilty satisfaction that I had done a smart thing. Little did I dream of the precipice on which I was treading.

A few nights afterwards, when I was late again, Mabel met me with the inquiry: "I suppose you were out with that Bancroft?"

"Yes, dear," I replied, catching at the straw, "Bancroft is a pretty good fellow after all, Mabel. He has a scheme on foot for some real-estate investments, and we were talking it over."

"What, has he money?" she said in surprise. "Then he must be of a saving disposition. Perhaps he is a better man than I thought. Tell me something about him Frank. Where does he live?"

"He has a room at—at—20 Staunton place; No. 12, I believe." I choose Staunton place upon the inspiration of the moment because it was a long distance from where we lived and consisted of only two short blocks, so I was quite sure Mabel would never find or penetrate them. To my great relief she did not pursue her investigations further, but threw me into consternation at the table next day by looking at me wistfully and saying:

"Frank, I am quite curious about your friend, Mr. Bancroft. Does he look like you?"

"No," I said, giving my imagination rein, "he is shorter and of light complexion."

"Does he wear a beard?"

"Yes, a full beard, cropped close."

"What color are his eyes?"

Some foul fiend prompted me to sad he was cross-eyed, and that one organ was blue and one gray.

"How very singular," said Mabel with growing interest. "I should like to see him. Tell me about his real estate scheme."

I felt that if I hesitated I was lost, and laying down my knife and fork, I entered into a detailed account of a series of fictitious investments contemplated by Bancroft and myself. I did not originally intend to go so deep, but her questions drew me out, and each successive step was necessary for preservation. As I walked out of the front gate I felt like a convicted fellow.

However, the mythical Bancroft was a convenient personage, and I concluded that, now that I had invented him and put my foot in it, so to speak, I might as well use him to all possible advantage. Consequently Bancroft was pleaded night after night with success, although the continued questioning of my wife involved me in a tissue of falsehood so monstrous that I was afraid to contemplate it.

About this time I became alarmed lest she should visit his supposed place of business to read him a lecture upon his habits, and told her he had left Reed's and gone to an up-town store. This necessitated going into all the details as to why he left, which I gave shamelessly. My conscience was in such a condition by that time that I was less troubled over my fabrication of complicated lies than I was that I should cross myself in some of them.

How intricate, how manifold and multiplied they were can be imagined when I say that at the end of two years Mabel was still unsuspicious.

She had however, conceived a violent dislike, growing into an utter abhorrence, of the man. This was engendered by a peculiar turn which the fiction happened to take. One night the first pencilings of dawn were showing in the skies when I returned home. I had not intended to stay so late. I realized with a sudden and humiliating force that I was a brute to leave a young girl alone, unprotected, anxious and afraid through the long night. I felt ashamed, mortified, and above all alarmed for I was well aware a scene awaited me. With beating heart I entered the house. Mabel was in bed, and turned her head slightly without looking at me or speaking. I felt intuitively that she was crying. At that instant any plan, any lie, no matter how black, that would have relieved the poor girl's distress would have seemed noble to me. So it was with no pang of conscience that I sank into a chair and exclaimed in a hollow voice: "O, Mabel, if you had seen what I have seen you would be sick at heart."

"What was it, Frank?" she asked with instant curiosity, sitting up in bed.

This was the effect I had calculated upon, and for a moment I said no thing, as if too much overcome to speak. Then in a low tone I continued:

"Bancroft is in jail?"

"O, Frank!" she cried, her eyes suddenly dilating, what has he done!"

Again I was overcome with emotion; I had to have time to think.

"You know how Bancroft is when he is drinking," I said, finally.

"Yes," she replied, eagerly, "very quarrelsome."

Exactly. Well, we were playing a game of billiards last night. I hadn't noticed that he was under the influence of liquor, but he got into a dispute with a clergyman, who was a perfect stranger, and took his billiard cue and——"

"Killed the minister!" shrieked Mabel.

"No, thrust it down his throat and broke it off!"

Mabel stopped her ears and I paused for breath.

"Of course," I went on, "he was arrested and I went out to get bail for him."

"What business is that of yours!" asked Mabel, sharply.

"For your sake, dear," I replied. "Although no party to the affair I realized how the linking of my name with it would pain and mortify my little girl, so I determined to sink my pride and ask some of my friends to go on Bancroft's bond to hush the matter up."

"You dear, old darling," said Mabel, impetuously, "can you forgive me?"

I forgave her, and, assuming the mein of a martyr, went to bed. From that moment, however, she regarded Bancroit as my bad angel, and hated him with all the cordiality of indignant womanhood.

Meantime Bancroft had commenced to haunt me. From being a naturally frank and open disposition, I became preternaturally vigilant and alert, fearful each instant that I would betray myself and realizing that each day put me further from the possibility of an explanation. I grew pre-occupied, moody, morose. My nerves, quivering under the tension, were giving way. I looked scared and guilty. The very name of Bancroft was hateful to me, and when my wife harped upon him I felt that I should go mad if I did not get away. He had become astonishingly real to me, and I felt my personality becoming mixed and meshed with this myth—this man of air and nothingness—in a manner that upset all my previous notions of identity. I almost believed that I had actually met Bancroft at some time, or that I was living a dual existence. In short, I was on the verge of lunacy when the climax came.

One evening when I went home to supper in my usual perturbed state of mind there was a strange man at my gate. He had a keen, hatchet face, and wore a slouch hat.

"Mr. Frank N. Styne, I believe."

"Yes, sir."

"I am a member of the city detective force. The chief wants to see you at his office."

"All right," I gasped. my brain in a whirl. "Wait till I go in and see my wife."

"Your wife is at the office," he replied with a peculiar smile.

Shocked and alarmed beyond expression, I plied him with questions, but he insisted that he knew nothing of "the case," as he called it, and hurried me along. The fact that I had not the slightest idea what Mabel could be doing at the police headquarters redoubled my fears.

The chief's office was approached by a series of passageways, at the end of of one which I saw, as in a field-glass, a room in which were seated my wife and a stout gentleman in uniform, whom I knew by sight and reputation. Mabel did not seem frightened, but was very pale and wore a determined look.

"Mabel!" I cried, as I rushed in, what does this mean?"

"Your wife," interposed the chief, blandly, "states that you are acquainted with the occupant of room 12, No. 20 Staunton place. Is such the fact?"

"What about it?" I asked, appreciating the necessity of gaining some more information before committing myself.

"Have you seen the evening papers?"

"No."

"Then," said the chief, "I will tell you frankly what I want, for I believe you to be a man of reputation. The occupant of room 10, No. 20 Staunton place, was murdered last night, and the occupant of room 12 is suspected. We could not find out who that individual was, but your wife has been kind enough to inform us that it is a party named Bancroft, a friend of yours. We want Bancroft. When and where did you see him last?"

I felt the ground suddenly slipping from under my feet. The whole horror of my situation flashed upon me. Mabel spoke up; "Frank," she said "when I saw that number in the paper this afternoon I knew that it was Bancroft. I could not keep silent after such a dreadful thing, and I felt that this was perhaps the way open to break your connection with that wretch. So I put on my things and came down here. It was for both our sakes. O, Frank, tell the gentleman all you know of that man and let us at least get our skirts clear of this awful crime."

The chief looked at me fixedly. Under certain circumstances a man's brain will work like lightning. In an instant I had formulated a plan.

"Have you a private room?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, "come this way."

"Wait here," I said to Mabel; "do not be alarmed I will tell him all."

When the chief closed the door of the inner room I said to him very calmly:

There is no such man as Bancroft. He is a mere creation of my poor wife's fancy," I said.

"Explain yourself."

"I will. If you will make the most trifling inquiries you will find that no such person as Bancroft ever existed. Did she tell you he used to work in Reed's tea store?"

"Yes, I believe she did."

"Well, inquire at Reed's and you will learn that he never had such a man in his employ. The fact is, my wife exhibits at times certain signs of aberration. This imaginary man Bancroft is the most noticeable one. I had hoped, sir, to keep this secret locked forever in my own breast, but these circumstances force me, of course, to make a confession of it to you. I trust, as a gentleman, you will not betray this melancholy confidence. My physician has warned me not to disturb the hallucination, else I would have warned you in the other room. I suppose she told you, among other things, that Bancroft once thrust a billiard cue down a clergyman's throat."

"Yes, she did say something about that?"

"Well, how preposterous that is! Do you want further proof? What would a clergyman be doing around a billiard saloon?"

The chief was convinced. "I noticed something queer about her eye," he said, grasping my hand sympathetically. "Depend upon me to keep mum."

Mabel was anxiously waiting our coming.

"It is all right, Mrs. Styne," said the chief. "Your husband has told me every thing and you can go now. I'm much obliged to you."

She cried a little on the way home and wanted to be sure I was not angry. "Where has that monster gone?" she asked.

"He has fled," I replied, "and will never bother us again."

And he never has.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Politeness of the Indians.

American Missionary.

Some Indian schoolboys found their teacher had a very great aversion to frogs. To them it was a continued source of amusement to see her run away from them. One day a boy caught one and shut it up in the table drawer. The teacher entered the room. All were in order, but when she opened the drawer the frog, glad to gain its liberty, leaped out upon the table and the teacher made a great ado. One of the boys, in a gentlemanly way, took up the frog, carried it to the door and threw it out. No sign of enjoyment could be discerned in their faces. They remained through school hours maintaining their solemn dignity. Afterward as they told of it they laughed until the tears came, laughed over and over again as they remembered the dismay of the teacher. Why did they not laugh at first? They had not yet come into the ways of the white men enough to realize that we would excuse rudeness in our pupils, even under these circumstances, and they consider it rude to laugh aloud or to laugh at all at the expense of another in the other's presence.

An old woman, who owned a poor old pony which was almost dead from starvation and hard work, had brought the pony in and tied him to the fence. He was literally "skin and bones." While I was in the house I heard the woman making a great outcry, and I ran to the door in time to see an immense flock of crows fly away. I said: "What is the matter?" She replied that the crows had come to pick her poor old pony's bones while he still lived. She saw the funny side of it as well as I and laughed very heartily.

When one of the young lady missionaries asked an Indian woman for her "waka sica tanka," instead of her "wasica tanka," no one laughed till the teacher was gone. When I inquired why the dishpan was not given, the reply was, she did not ask for the dishpan; she asked for "the great evil spirit" (the devil), and I assure you no Indian woman heard that story without laughing heartily. Another teacher, meaning to ask for a tub, asked for a young man, and, though to her face they did not laugh, I have seen a whole sewing school convulsed with laughter over the mistake several times since.

When one of the ministers from the east attending one of our meetings went up to a group of Indians who could not speak or understand a word of English, and tried to enter into conversation, of course there was no response. He said to me as I came up: "Why do they look so solemn?" I simply interpreted what he said to the Indians, and all laughed and said: "We did not know what he said, why should we laugh?" It does not seem to occur to those asking the question, why they do not laugh, that they have little to laugh at in the presence of white men. They cannot understand us or our ways. Indian children are in the house quiet and orderly, they sit and listen to hear older people talk, and if anything is said that is very amusing, so much so that they feel that they cannot control themselves, they put their hands on their mouths and run outside to laugh. Men will laugh gently and quietly, and now and then you may hear an old woman laugh long and loud; if so, some relative will say aside. "Hear how loud she laughs, like a white man; she is unwomanly." They are very sociable people, and around the camp-fire one may hear many legends and fables, hear many old war songs and nursery rhymes.

The Cities of the World.

It will hardly be thought that there are not on the whole globe fifty cities containing 200,000 people; but such is the fact, and any one may convince himself of it by consulting a geographical dictionary. It would seem at first that there must be at least 200 cities of 200,000 population; but there is not one-fourth of the number. Of these Great Britain has about 9; France, 3; Italy, 4; Germany (proper), 5 or 6; China, some 9; India, 8 or 9, and the United States, according to the latest census, 9 or 10. It is somewhat remarkable that a country only 100 years old, should have as many (if not more) large cities as the oldest lands; but it is not improbable that, before another century, we shall count as large a number of cities of 200,-000 inhabitants as there are now in the whole world. New Yorkers may look with a certain disdain upon towns of that site, but when they remember how few there are, their disdain should be modified, if not converted into respect. We are all inclined to think that old and famous capitals, like Cordova, Granada, Cadiz, Florence, Venice, Padua, Verona, Bologna, Warsaw, Cracow, Antwerp, Ghen, Rotterdam, Leyden, Leipsic, must be very large, though they really have no more than from 70,-000 to 140,000 or 150,000 people each. The cities that can lay claim to 100,-000 population and upwards, are perhaps about 150, and these include many of those which at first thought we should suppose contained two or three times the number. This planet is very little after all. Its millions are not near so numerous as it would seem that they ought to be, and the bulk of these do not come within our idea of civilization, any more than we come within their idea of it. The more we know of our small world, the more insignificant it appears.

The Lovely Princess of Wales.

Mrs. Sherwood (M. E. W. S.) writes from London: The Princess of Wales is really the most beautiful woman I have seen of late years. There used to be as handsome women formerly, but I have not seen one so handsome for twenty years. She has not a wrinkle or a sign of age; her lips red, her teeth perfect, her features commanding, her expression that mysterious thing we call beauty, her smile enchanting. She was dressed in lilac, and it became her magnificent loveliness. That such a woman can be the mother of a grown-up son is preposterous. Her daughters are very plain. How the Prince of Wales can see beauty in any one but his own wife seems impossible. The Princess Christian, whom I have met at the house of a friend, and who is a most unaffected, agreeable, cordial woman, with much bonhomie, stood next to the Princess of Wales. She encouraged me in my progress past royalty with a cordial smile and look of recognition. She was in black and scarlet, and looked well.

I had the honor of being presented to Her Royal Highness at the last drawing-room, and will give you a description of her dress. It was of the most tender lilac or mauve shade, a waist and petticoat of lilac terry velvet, a train of cream crepe de chine, handsomely embroidered in various shades of flowers, lined and bordered with lilac and coral roses. The skirt was looped with tulle and embroidered with flowers, the train caught back with lilac feathers. Her headdress was a tiara of diamonds, feathers and veil, her ornaments diamonds. She wore the orders of Victoria and Albert, the Crown of India, St. Catherine of Russia, St. John of Jerusalem, the Royal Red Cross and Danish family order. Next her stood the Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, in a dress and train of black-striped velvet and satin, the train lined with scarlet satin and trimmed with jet.

It should be remarked here that people going out of mourning in England always wear scarlet. Her headdress was a tiara of diamonds, feathers, veil, and her ornaments emeralds and diamonds. She wore four orders, the Eictori and Alberta, the Crown of India, St. John of Jerusalem, and the Royal Red Cross. The Princess Mary of Cambridge stood next to her, an immense but rather handsome woman. Then came a young girl, the Princess Louise of Wales. An exquisite shade of blush brocaded satin, lined with poult de sole, and trimmed with feathers and syringa blossoms, joined the corsage and train, over a tulle petticoat looped with bunches of the the same flowers. Her headdress was of feathers and tulle veil. She wore pearls, diamonds and rubies. Next to her stood her popular papa, the Prince of Wales, in a full suit of scarlet, the uniform of a General.

New Copies of Eve.

From Talks With Homely Girls.

"The beauty of the female figure," says Leigh Hunt, "consists in being gently serpentine." Stiffness is utterly ungraceful. The movements of an unconscious child are the perfection of grace. They are easy, unstudied, natural. The throat should be round and pillar-like. The waist should be twice the size of this "tower of ivory," not, as fashion has too often made it, nearly the same size. The shoulders should be sloping and not too broad; neither should they be too narrow, but occupy that soft and rounded mean that is offered in Milo's Venus. The figure should be, above all, easy; too small a waist is an actual deformity, and young ladies who are foolish enough to imagine that a waist of eighteen is lovely should bear in mind that the famous statue of the Venus de Medici, the acknowledged highest type of female beauty, measures twenty-seven inches.

Too great stoutness or thinness is to be avoided, the former by vigorous exercise and careful diet, eschewing those foods which are known as flesh-forming and oil creating. Animal food is less fattening than bread, vegetables and puddings; beer and ale are to be avoided by too fat people and claret substituted in their place. But starving the figure is a folly, and drafts from the vinegar cruets and so-called anti-fat remedies are both condemned as injurious; plumpness, it must be remembered, is beautiful; thinness or scragginess is ugly, and one thing, says the writer of the book, is certain—the compression of the figure, even if too much inclined to embonpont, is a mistake.

The hips should be high in a woman, and wide; the feet small but in due proportion to the height of the figure; a high instep is beautiful, and a hollowing of the sole is considered by the Arabs a mark of high birth. The arm is sufficiently developed in the modern woman of fashion to reach the standard of classical beauty, she does not use her limbs, and particularly her arms, sufficiently to give them the muscular growth of which they are capable. The arm should have a round and flowing outline, with no sharpness at the elbow; it should taper gently down to a small wrist. Thin arms are ugly and require graceful movements to conceal their sharpness. A white arm is beautiful but the dark complexioned arm may be more beautiful if it is better shaped, from being the chief lovliness of the arm. Keeping the elbows away from the sides, sticking out at an angle is very ungraceful, and folded arms, ala Napoleon, or hands in the jacket pockets, detract from feminine grace

How General Lee Courted Death.

Washington Letter.

Mr. Reagan gives me a new fact in General Lee's history which is not generally known in the North. He said that toward the close of the downfall of the Confederate Government that there was a general impression among the high officials of the Confederacy that General Lee intended to lose his life on the field of battle. This impression was shared by the officers of Lee's army. General Lee never lost an opportunity of placing himself in a position of danger. General Reagan says that he drove out from Richmond to see Lee upon the day the principal battle of Cold Harbor was fought. As he came up where he could see Lee's headquarters he saw the shells bursting continually around his tent and ploughing up the ground in front of him. Some of the officers asked Mr. Reagan to try and persuade General Lee to move his headquarters behind a piece of timber near by. All felt that he was exposing his life too much. Mr. Reagan said to General Lee: "I do not presume to advise any General in the midst of a battle, but are you not exposing yourself too much? Ought you not to go back nearer your reserve?" General Lee said he had no reserve. He had only one line of men. He did not dare to shorten his line for fear it would be turned, and did not dare to thin it for fear it would be broken. General Lee evidently sought death many times during the closing days of the war. That was the view of the southern leaders then and is still believed by many.

How Visitors are Ushered Into the Presence of a Princess.

London Letter in Boston Traveler.

On the 26th of May I was presented at the drawing-room held by the princess of Wales. It was a long and fatiguing process to be dressed in full evening dress at 12 in the day, with a train behind me four yards long, to wait in my carriage two hours in the queue at Buckingham Palace, exposed to the cheers of the populace. For women hold their babies up at the carriage windows, and men look in at the occupants and make remarks. I had a severe headache, and I dare say, a red face, for one young gentleman of the lower class remarked, "rouge, rouge." I noticed that he pronounced the "g" very hard. There we had to sit like monkeys in a cage, in our plumes and veils, to be stared at and laughed at; such is the privilege of the unwashed. However, like old Mother Hubbard, we "got there" at last, and then all was smooth sailing. The magnificent guards sat on horseback in the splendid quadrangle, the band discoursed excellent music, within the portal stood the immemorial beef-eaters, the gentlemen of the Queen's Guard helped us to alight, pages in the royal livery took our cloaks, and pass on through superb halls and up an immense staircase, with our trains over our arms, we finally reached the saloon, where we were to await the pleasure of the Lord Chamberlain; pictures of great interest on the walls, and a plenty of comfortable chairs to sit down in. Soon the room began to fill with the gorgeous women in court toilets; every one with white feathers and veil, and low necks, bare arms and fine gowns; or, as they say here, "smart gowns." It was a really splendid scene.

We were all furnished with two cards, one of which we handed to the Queen's page at the door. The other we kept until we reached the throne-room. Fortunately several ladies preceded me to let me see that one's train should be carefully spread out like a peacock's tail, and that there was nothing formidable in the courtesy. I courtesied four times as I passed the beautiful Princess of Wales, Princess Christian, Princess Mary of Cambridge, and the ever popular Prince of Wales, and I lived through it. It is nothing but the early "bob" of our childish days made with respectful intent.

Why He was Nicknamed "Latch-Key Ward."

New York Letter.

There was a marriage announced a short time ago which created a mild sensation and a good deal of newspaper comment. The groom was alluded to with much bonhomie as "Latch-key Ward," or even the "Great Ward." In private life this much-written of individual is known as Raymond Ward, and not nine people out of ten, though his name was once in everybody's mouth, remember how he came by his queer nickname. There is a little story connected with it which is worth telling. One night some five years ago, Mr. Ward was sleeping in a room in the St. James hotel. It was a hot night, and the window was open. Through this window entered a burglar, pistol-girt, stocking footed, and stealthy. Decisive action being necessary in his craft, he lost no time in turning out the pockets of Mr. Ward's trousers. Mr. Ward woke up. He lay in bed watching the burglar and thinking. He had no fire-arm near; in fact, the only article within reach was a latch-key lying on the table. The key glittered furtively in the moonlight, which glitter, catching Mr. Ward's roving eye, suggested a course of action. As if suddenly awakened he sprang out of bed, grasped the key and leveled it at the intruder, requested him to drop the trousers, and with the other hand he pressed the automatic button. The burglar seeing the moonlight strike a line of light off the barrel of the weapon pointed at him, found his case too desperate for resistance. He dropped the money, and, on a second request, put at the point of the latch-key, deposited his pistols on the table, and surrendered. The janitor arriving breathless at this stage, the interloper was bound and walked off. As he went Mr. Ward showed him the key. He looked at it for a moment, then cursing regretfully, observed, "If I'd known that was a key, you'd have been getting pretty stiff by this time."

Sunday in Mexico.

A Sunday in Mexico is one long feast of champagne, without a headache the next day. When the first streaks of dawn appear in the East people bob out from this street and that, hostlers hurry horses off to private residences, gay riders whirl by as if eager to catch the shades of night as they are sinking in the West, and by half-past six it looks as if all Mexico was on horseback. Ladies wear beautiful costumes, dark habits, short skirts, silver and gold buttons and broad sombreros. Men display grater variety of costumes: some were yellow buckskin suits trimmed with gold or silver others have a drab skin suit artistically trimmed, still others wear light cloth suits and high boots, buttoned at the side and reaching the knee. A belt holding a revolver, and a Mexican saddle to which is fastened a sword, complete this beautiful riding suit. And then what riders! It is the poetry of motion; they are as but part of the perfect horse they ride. Take the beautiful horses, artistic outfit, grand eyes glancing at you from beneath a pretty sombrero and you have a Mexican scene which is irresistible. Even Americans are a thousand times handsomer when they don this outfit, and it is safe to wager that if the men in the States would adopt the Mexican riding suit there would not be a single man left after two months' trial.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Some Advice as to Diet.

From the Herald of Health.

As to diet, we all eat too much. Our food is too concentrated; and I think with Dr. Squib that Americans would have less dyspepsia if they took more soup and other fluids, except ice-water, with their meals, as the Germans and French do. It is a good sign to find oatmeal on most breakfast tables; and it is now served as a matter of course at all hotels, as I have noticed when traveling, except in the South, where hominy is substituted. Dairies are fast multiplying, and milk has become a fashionable drink. I rise at 7, and after a light breakfast on oatmeal, eggs in some form, or fish, and a cup of tea, walk to my office which takes three-quarters of an hour, including ten minutes of delightful invigoration on the Brooklyn bridge, with its glorious view of the harbor and its surroundings. This is far better than spoiling one's eyesight in a railway car or clinging to a greasy strap in a fetid, crowded elevated train.

A POLITICAL REMINISCENSE.

John P. Hale's Revolt Against the Pro-Slavery Democracy.

From the close of John Quincy Adams' administration in 1829 to March 1845, the democratic party of New Hampshire had maintained uninterrupted control of that state. The first open revolt in the democratic party of the north against the policy of slavery extension occurred in New Hampshire on account of the scheme for the annexation of Texas. On the 7th of January, 1845, Mr. John P. Hale, who was one of the most popular democratic representatives in congress, wrote his well-known letter to the democratic electors of New Hampshire declaring his refusal to vote for the Texas scheme. Although he had received the regular nomination for another term, a special convention was called at Concord, which struck his name from the ticket. Franklin Pierce, then chairman of the state central committee, made a tour among the towns to urge his fellow democrats to sustain the action of the special convention and "throw Hale overboard."

This injustice to a brave man, who had gallantly stood by his convictions, fired some of the younger men of the party. In Exeter Amos Tuck, a young lawyer, said if John P. Hale was to be politically ostracised on account of his opposition to slavery, he was ready to go with him. To this Mr. Pierce replied that he had met in his travels over the state only one other man who had talked that way, and that was John L. Hayes, of Portsmouth. Mr. Pierce was then United States district attorney for New Hampshire, and Mr. Hayes was clerk of the United States courts, and was also chairman of the Young Men's Democratic association in Portsmouth. To him, therefore, Mr. Pierce first unfolded his views after arriving in Portsmouth in the course of his tour.

But Mr. Tuck and Mr. Hayes called a meeting of independent democrats at Exeter to sustain Mr. Hale, and to Mr. Hayes belongs the honor of printing the first democratic protest which appeared in New Hampshire against the extension of slavery after the letter of Mr. Hale. This protest was in the form of a speech which Mr. Hayes had attempted to deliver at a Democratic caucus in Portsmouth, and, being suppressed by the party leaders, he had printed and circulated it in the form of a pamphlet.

Franklin Pierce's motives appeared in the remark: "We must throw overboard Mr. Hale, or we shall lose favor with the southern men." Mr. Pierce subsequently became president of the United States, but Mr. Hale did not suffer by adhering to his convictions. He was not only returned to congress at a later period, but was subsequently promoted to the United States senate. Mr. Hayes' connection with these interesting events, of which there are now so few survivors, has prompted him to embody them in this pamphlet, entitled, "A Reminiscence of the Free-Soil Movement in New Hampshire," which will be preserved as an important contribution to the history of that period. Hon. John P. Hale was a great orator, as well as a man of profound moral convictions. In the trial of Theodore Parker for high treason at Boston in abetting the rescue of a fugitive slave named Shadrach, Mr. Hale was counsel for the defense, and in addressing the jury he said: "John Debree claims that he owns Shadrach. Owns what! Owns a man! Suppose John Debree should say that he owns the moon and has an exclusive right to its beams! Would a Massachusetts jury find it so! And yet moons shall wax and wane no more; the earth itself shall crumble and decay, while the soul of the poor, hunted, persecuted Shadrach shall live on with the life of God Himself!" It was to this speech that Charles Sumner referred in one of his letters, when he said that it had been reported to him by these who heard it as a speech worthy of Curran or Erskine.—*Boston Advertiser.*

The Department Women.

There are 4,000 women in the Government departments at Washington, and among them are some of the best-looking and most-intelligent ladies of the capital. They come, as a rule, from good families. Many of them are the widows of noted generals, the daughters of ex-governors and ex-congressmen, and now and then you will find the relative of a president or a cabinet minister. Many of them have traveled widely, and the great majority are educated and refined ladies. They do all kinds of work, and receive salaries ranging from $720 to $1,800 a year. As money-counters they are much more expert than the men, and the rapidity with which they can count thousands upon thousands of dollars without making a mistake makes your brain whirl as you watch them. The money-counters get about $70 a month, and they count millions of dollars a month. At one side of each one on the table lie great piles of greenbacks done into packages as they come from the press. I am speakeng now of the Redemption Bureau of the treasury. These bills are old and dirty. The strip of paper around each package of 100 bills states where they came from and who counted them in the country. The young lady takes this off, and, moistening her fingers with a wet sponge in front of her, she counts the bills like lightning, and if the package is not right she reports so to the chief, and the banks from which the bills come must stand the loss. The girls seldom make a mistake, and if they do so, or pass a counterfeit without noting it, they must make the mistake good, and the amount is taken out of their salary. They can tell, however, a bad bill simply by feeling it, and a bank cashier will make a hundred mistakes where they make one.—*Washington Letter.*

England Twenty-Five Years Ago.

A correspondent of *The London Spectator* writes, rather wickedly: "I can not share the indication which I hear freely expressed on all sides at the American subscriptions to the Parnell fund. Such investments are little chickens, which are sure to come home to roost; and I, at any rate, can not forget the confederate loan of twenty-five years ago, against the subscription of which by Englishmen, you, sir, if I remember rightly, lifted up a solitary voice among London journals. Leaving our mere speculators who went in for a big profit, of whom there is no question here, the English subscribers to the confederate loan must have meant that they thought the confederate states right in their effort to break up union, and wished them success. Now that, I apprehend, is precisely the meaning of the subscribers to the Parnell fund. They think the home-rulers right, and wish them success. If a section of our people therefore, did precisely what a section of the American people are doing to-day, had not we better stop fuming, and leave these little chickens to come home to roost in the United States twenty-five years hence, as ours are doing!"

A Neglected Soldiers' Cemetery.

Last month, says *The Augusta* (Ga.) *Chronicle*, the writer happened to pass by the Manassas battlefield. The confederate dead were buried in a spot near the village. Some of the graves were marked and a few inclosed by an iron railing. A wall of brown stone once surrounded the whole cemetery. Now many of the headboards are prone upon the ground. Grass and weeds grow rank upon the neglected mounds where valor sleeps. Large sections of the wall have crumbled down and cattle and hogs prowl unvexed and at will in a spot that ought to be sacred soil. The luxurious northern tourists passing in sight of the graveyard marvel at the neglect, the shameful neglect of southerners, who, while hurrahing over live ex-confederates, especially during a political campaign, apparently care nothing for the memory of slain heroes, who, belonging to the silent majority, have no votes or influence. We talk prettily and sentimentally of "The Cause." We erect monuments to the confederate dead. We go wild over Jefferson Davis and Gen. Gordon. But the men who died for their cause, and but for whom the live generals would have no prestige—the men, the martyrs, are sleeping in many places where unclean animals are permitted to uproot their relics in a way that is unspeakably abominable.

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Ayer's Ague Cure is acknowledged to be the standard remedy for fever and ague.

The Frazer Axle Grease lasts four times as long as any other Use it and save your horses and wagons.

What is the Use

Of your dragging yourself around, day after day, without any life or activity, feeling all tired out and miserable, when you might be as quick and lively and strong as ever? Take care of yourself at once, or in the depleted condition of your system, a complaint otherwise trivial, may fasten upon you with serious or fatal result. Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine you need to build up your entire system, to purify and quicken your blood, and to give you appetite and strength.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla as a blood purifier has no equal. It tones the system, strengthens and invigorates, giving new life. I have taken it for kidney complaint with the best results." D. R. SAUNDERS, 81 Pearl Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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100 Doses One Dollar

The proprietors of Salvation Oil, the greatest cure on earth for pain, will pay a large reward if any certificate published by them is found not genuine.

French Law of Marriage.

It is not generally known as it should be, writes a correspondent of *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, that a marriage between a citizen of the United States and a citizen of France, which may be perfectly legal in our country, is considered in France as a mock marriage and nothing more. Such marriages occur, and that they are productive of great misery is evidenced from the fact that there are here in our neighbor republic a number of American (and English) women who are the cast-off wives of Frenchmen. A citizen of France residing in the United States, but not naturalized there, may marry an American girl in the most approved of legal ways, and returning to the country of his birth is not, by the laws of France, accounted a married man. In the same sense an American may marry a French girl in our country and consider that nothing but death or divorce can separate them. But that girl may go to France and marry again as legally as if she had never entered into the bonds of matrimony.

Time is too valuable to be wasted in creduously experimenting with various remedies when a 25 cent bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will at once cure your cold.

Prof. Wm. Scherer, the German histosian and author, is dead.

I have your goods, Athlophorus, on my shelf and have had for some time. I hear only good reports from it among my customers. A. G. Jepson, Druggist, Muskegon, Mich. A sample of thousands of similar testimonials to the great rheumatism and neuralgia cure.

A Pennsylvania man has just received a letter that was mailed in 1869. That shows the advantage of the special delivery system.—*Boston Post.*

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This widely celebrated institution located at Buffalo, N. Y., is organized with a full staff of eighteen experienced and skillful physicians and surgeons, constituting the most complete organization of medical and surgical skill in America, for the treatment of all chronic diseases, whether requiring medical or surgical means for their cure. Marvelous success has been achieved in the cure of all nasal, throat and lung diseases, liver and kidney diseases, diseases of the digestive organs, bladder diseases, diseases peculiar to women, blood taints and skin diseases, rheumatism, neuralgia, nervous debility, paralysis, epilepsy (fits), spermatorrhea, impotency and kindred affections. Thousands are cured at their homes through correspondence The cure of the worst ruptures, pile tumors, varicocele, hydrocele and strictures is guaranteed, with only a short residence at the institution. Send 10 cents in stamps for the Invalid's Guide-Book (168 pages), which gives all particulars. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

It is noticed that one Congressman, assaulted by another, is generally struck in the mouth. The mouth, probably, is the most offensive part of his anatomy.—[*New Orleans Picayune.*

* * * * A disease of so delicate a nature as stricture of the urethera should only be entrusted to those of large experience and skill. By our improved methods we have been able to speedily and permantly cure hundreds of the worst cases. Pamphlet, references and terms, 10 cents in stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

A woman was lately drowned in a New Jersey cheese factory by falling in a vat of whey. She went the whey of all flesh.—*Alta Californa.*

Sick and billious headache cured by Dr. Pierce's "Pellets."

The Paris *Gazette* publishes an official announcement that an international exhibition will be held in that city in 1889.

WHY go limping around with your boots run over, when Lyon's Heel Stiffeners will keep them straight?

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